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AT A COUNTRY FESTIVAL.

Present: A Steward, the Conductor, an Artist, a Critic, a local Editor, and one of the Audience.

(The STEWARD speaks.) Do I care about music? Hardly a bit. But I do care about the Festival. The music is not the Festival, don't you know. Not at all, oh! no. The Festival for me is the coming together of the ladies and men round about; luncheons; chatting with Mdlle. this and Mdlle. that in the artists' room; introducing one's friends, don't you know; showing myself clothed with authority and decorated with a rosette. Then, you see, I get credit for being a promoter of the fine arts, as well as a friend of charity. On low terms, too. The whole thing only costs five pounds. Cheap at the price, I think. Yes, no doubt, I could hear the music if I chose; and I do really listen a bit to Mdlle. this and Mdlle. that. Deuced awkward, wouldn't it? to go behind and spoil my compliment by making a blunder. For the rest I don't care; and there is always some fellow to talk to. Talking a nuisance! But what is a man to do? If I can't distinguish myself in an independent sort of way I might as well save my five pounds and be one of the audience. Let me tell you that a Steward does not exactly lie upon a bed of roses. It is very pleasant, no doubt, to show the county families to their seats. One gets that way a moment or two of very agreeable intercourse with equals, and, perhaps, a useful smile from superiors. But people you don't know, and don't want to know, look for the same service, which is absurd, because how could I be expected to get the "plan," as they call it, into my head? I pass such folk on; that's the way I do it. I give a comprehensive wave of the hand and say "Higher up." They go higher up and very often come down again looking as black as a July thunder-cloud. Their frown, however, doesn't trouble me. Being a gentleman and not a concert-room attendant, I have honoured them even in misdirection. Then, don't you know, I am never quite happy in the artists' room. The men there are a supercilious lot. They take a low pride in ignoring my rosette, but, of course, what they do is of no consequence. As for the ladies, I never can quite make out whether they are smiling upon me or laughing at me. I utter my best compliments. I tell them they sing divinely, don't you know, and all that sort of thing; but they give you, in return, an idea that the same words have been much better said, and that when you leave the room they will forget your very existence. A deuced unpleasant sort of feeling, I can tell you. As for the critics, I am their sworn foe, as they are

mine. They are always sneering at us. They call us "fussy," and say we are only in the way; protesting, also, that the little bit of friendly gossip we indulge in is ill-mannered. Ill-mannered! Who made them judges of behaviour? They should regard their own, and amend. But I have my revenge, I look through them, don't you know, as one looks through a servant, who is nobody, and if I see one in a comfortable seat I contrive to move him out of it; since he has no right to any seat in particular. Then the iron goes into his soul and I am glad.

(The CONDUCTOR speaks.) "Things are not what they seem." I am called a conductor, and look like one at moments when band and chorus wait upon the point of my bâton. Really, I am no more a conductor than the leading horse of a tandem, which has a bit in its mouth and occasionally feels the lash. An unreflecting public holds me responsible for the Festival music. Let me say, in my loudest voice, that I am not responsible. My professional honour requires an insistence upon this. Can it be supposed that I should choose rubbish and patronise emptiness? You ask who then does choose rubbish and patronise emptiness! Again I say, "Things are not what they seem." Look at the Festival Steward. He is the depository of the intelligence and discrimination which, through the Festival, reward talent and encourage art. He selects the works after going through the form of consulting me. Probably he knows nothing at all about music; perhaps he cares nothing. Yet he very earnestly advises his brother Stewards to choose the oratorio of *Beelzebub*! Why should he befriend *Beelzebub*? Why should he strive with might and main to give *Beelzebub* a public audience? Simply because he knows Somebody, who knows the Composer. Somebody came to him and said, "The Composer is a decent fellow, and wants a little help. Just give his *Beelzebub* a lift to oblige me." In vain I protest; pointing out the superior merits of *Gabriel*. The Steward never before heard of *Gabriel*; whereas, through Somebody, he discovered *Beelzebub*. So *Beelzebub* goes into the programme, and the critics laugh in chorus when the thing is performed. I am humiliated, not the Steward. He has gratified Somebody, and always skips musical articles. My troubles are far from ending here. The composer of *Beelzebub*—several composers, in point of fact, come down and take up nearly all the hours of rehearsal that economy allows. They are not to blame, but one result is that I have to assault the masterpieces with an untried force, and upon me falls the punishment of shortcoming. Upon me falls, likewise, the



worry of dealing with the whims of artists, whose point of satisfaction is never reached. Pity the sorrows of a poor Festival conductor; the hardest worked and abused of all musicians, who has responsibility without privilege, and whose power is more or less a sham.

(*The ARTIST speaks.*) It is all very well for Mr. Conductor to talk about the whims of artists, but where should we be were we not jealous for the smallest of our rights and privileges? I believe there is such a word as solidarity, and if I correctly apprehend its meaning, that word does not in any sense apply to the class of which I am a member. We are so many Hal-o'-the-Winds, each fighting "for his own hand," and knowing that he must fight or go under. You don't, any of you, play tricks with me. I am a sensitive plant in the garden of music, and I curl up at the slightest touch. Ordinarily, I am easy going, else how should I tolerate the vapid inanities, the stupid compliments, and ridiculous affectations of the bores who haunt artists' rooms; and think they do us honour. I was amused just now at Mr. Steward's doubt whether our smiles are smiles of complaisance or ridicule. I wonder that we are able to smile at all. We see a much "got up" side of human nature, but no art can hide the seams. Professionally we have no connection with what the late Mr. Bunn graphically describes as "hollow hearts that wear a mask." My own heart is very solid, and worn without concealment on my sleeve. It is a heart that, first and foremost, beats for myself, and prompts me to insist upon three P's—Part, Place, and Pay. Give me these according to my liking, and you can suit yourself for the rest. Call me selfish, if you like, but I repudiate the charge. I am only on my defence, since the public, or most of them, judge of artistic worth by certain outward and visible signs. Have I a good part in an oratorio, a good place in the programme and high terms? Then am I a good artist. Don't blame me if I drive a hard bargain, or behave exactly about what seem to be trifles. Credit me rather with knowing my business. Yes, I said business. The cant about art sickens me, since I find it coming invariably from the mouths of people who are not likely to be called upon to put words into deeds. My voice and talents are in the market, and I shall show them and sell them to the best advantage. I hope I speak plainly enough to be understood by the many people who seem to think that persons in my line are only too happy to "oblige with a song." "Whims of artists," indeed! Business qualities I call them.

(*The CRITIC speaks.*) Professionally, I am bound to reprove the last speaker. Professionally, I demand sacrifices for art from all who can make them, and I do so with the more earnestness because I can afford none myself. This, however, is not my theme. I have a bone to pick with Mr. Steward, who has so candidly confessed his enmity. Mr. Steward, I own, is hardly a match for me. He is a thick-headed and blundering person out of his own line, what-

ever that may be, and like most people of the sort, his mental conclusions are the broadest generalisations. He cannot possibly understand the functions of a critic, but he knows pretty well what a reporter is. He has seen reporters collecting the names of "distinguished persons" at country flower-shows; engaged in taking down the ponderous sentences of Sir Giles Heavisides, at an agricultural dinner, and hanging on the outskirts of a hunt breakfast. These persons and their duties are intelligible, and as he cannot understand the difference between them and art critics, he confounds the two. They are simply humble chroniclers, tolerated in back seats and corners. Let me frankly own that the Steward is not vicious, but merely stupid. He asserts what he conceives to be his position, and fancies he keeps me in mine. Naturally, he is irritated when I become sarcastic at his expense—irritated and also confounded. He asks what he has done, and, perhaps, feeling himself impotent, goes to the editor of a local journal, begging him to "pay that fellow in his own coin, don't you know." Local opinion is quite ready to support the astonished Steward and the obliging editor, for it is shocked at the freedom of non-local utterance. Here are men to whom the traditions of the place are nothing; who ignore the Mayor's breakfast—of course, because they are not invited; and reprove the Lord-Lieutenant of the county for talking politics with the senior member instead of listening to Mendelssohn. Such libertines are fair game, and the local editor, taking up the thick-nibbed pen with which he writes diatribes against the opposition in the Town Council, proceeds to annihilate the "Cockney critics" very much to his own satisfaction and to the enjoyment of his readers, who recognise the pungent sarcasm that lately overwhelmed the sanitary authority on the great whitewash question.

(*The local EDITOR speaks.*) I don't mean to say that I am not just a little envious of the freedom with which the Cockney critic expresses himself. It is not pleasant to be tongue-tied by the fear of losing subscribers. But I feel much more the cool impertinence with which our journalistic visitors come here and tell the world of our faults. It is a reflection upon myself as the guide, philosopher and friend of the community. At the same time, I hope they will not cease to come. They help, with the Festival, to tide over the silly season. I can quote what they say in one column; sneer at them in another, and pose in a third as the vindicator of truth against misrepresentation—my favourite attitude. My only regret is that I cannot assail them on musical grounds, and show up what I firmly believe to be their incompetence. Once upon a time I engaged a local professor, who had written an unsuccessful Cantata, to do this very thing, but he said that as the critics each expressed a different opinion, it was impossible to attack one without more or less supporting the rest. I printed all their opinions with an introduction pronounced by my friends to be a masterpiece of satire. The local professor has been devoted to me ever since.

I don't pretend to be superior to human nature, and surely it is very natural to resent the intrusion of men who, with the air of superior persons, come down and tell us patronisingly what we ought to do and leave undone.

(*One of the AUDIENCE speaks.*) May I hope that those I represent have a voice in this matter. For us and our good, stewards, conductors, artists, critics, and editors are supposed to labour, instead of which, as it seems to me, they spend a good deal of their energy in carping at each other. Unfortunately, we cannot help ourselves, but must wait developments with what patience is possible. In a perfect state of things we shall be more considered than now. Bad music will not be thrust down our throats for the satisfaction of individual interests; vanity will not strut where modesty should walk, nor will effrontery pass off the false as the true.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

REMINISCENCES OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS ABROAD.

IX.—BERLIN.

WHEN I first made its acquaintance, nearly twenty years ago, Berlin was not the capital of the German Empire, but of the kingdom of Prussia. It numbered barely half as many inhabitants as it does at the present day; and, musically considered, only ranked as the second, if not as the third city in the Fatherland. With respect to all institutions and performances connected with the divine art, Vienna was considerably ahead of Berlin, whilst Leipzig ran it hard for precedence, and Munich followed it close at heel. The "modern Athens"—a sobriquet bestowed upon Berlin, half in jest, half in earnest, by the most literary and artistic of all the Hohenzollern kings, Frederic William IV.—was at that time forlorn of a High School of Music, whilst the noble Conservatoires of Vienna and Leipzig were flourishing exceedingly and turning out dozens of accomplished artists yearly; its "Symphonie-Conzerte," organized and conducted by antique pedants, could not bear comparison with the admirable "Gesellschafts-Conzerte," given every Sunday throughout the season by the "Friends of Music" at the Imperial Redouten-Saal in the Kaiserstadt, or with the orchestral feasts served up weekly, under the direction of Karl Reinecke, in the ancient armoury of the good old Saxon city of Leipzig. In the matter of opera-houses, Berlin and Vienna were about on a par up to the year 1868; the theatre on the Opernplatz, and that situate at the Kaernthnerthor, as far as heat, lack of ventilation and evil smells were concerned, presented but minute and unimportant differences; Vienna had the better orchestra, Berlin the better singers; and both houses, being the property of monarchs who respectively subvented them to the tune of some £30,000 a year—and who, moreover, happened to be fervent admirers of the Terpsichorean art—devoted their energies quite as vigorously (if not more so) to the production of magnificent ballets as to the attain-

ment of excellence in operatic performances. As far as the respective leading characteristics of musical taste in Berlin and Vienna are concerned—leaving Leipzig out of the question as a neutral territory in which no particular school predominated, but all things beautiful, old or new, classical or romantic, are equally welcome and cherished—Berlin exhibited a predilection for the music of intellect; Vienna for that of feeling. The Wagner-Cultus was solidly established in Berlin several years before it took firm root in Vienna. Perhaps I may go so far as to say that the Berliners inclined to seek instruction in music, whilst the Viennese only sought for pleasure; and that the public of the Prussian capital, in its attitude towards art and artists, was the more critical, that of the Kaiserstadt being by far the more sympathetic. It is in such nuances as these that the intrinsic differences existing between Northern and Southern temperaments, even in people of identical race, find expression. Prussian severity and Austrian indulgence are as plainly perceptible to the dispassionate foreign observer in connection with musical performances and compositions as in relation to military and civil administration, social observances and popular habits. In his amusements as well as in his occupations there is always present to the typical Prussian's mind the desire to improve himself—that is, to derive some personal advantage from whatsoever pursuit he may be engaged in for the time being; whereas the average Austrian is naturally disposed to take his work as easily as may be compatible with circumstances, and his recreation for recreation's sake, unalloyed by any moral consideration or interested *arrivée-pensée*. The Prussian public, in its musical and dramatic appreciations especially, lacks sympathy for works exclusively belonging to the sentimental category, and excelling in expression rather than in form; whilst that of Vienna is somewhat supersensitively *en rapport* with sound exponents of feeling, played, sung or spoken. With respect to the capacity for judgment that is the offspring of study and cultivation, there is little to choose between them. They are both eminently musical, in that sense of the word which has of late years come to be so thoroughly understood in London and is still utterly uncomprehended in Paris. Berlin has the sounder judgment—Vienna the finer ear. Oddly enough, both publics are tolerant in vocal performances, of faulty intonation to an extent that, times without number, has caused me infinite surprise. Wagner, whose acquaintance with his countrymen's characteristics and qualities was at once profound and exhaustive, has accounted satisfactorily for this apparent anomaly in one of his luminous letters to Arrigo Boito, *eg.*: "from a physiological point of view, by the fact that the Germans lack the true methodical voice-gift"—that is to say, the gift of producing the voice in such a manner as to ensure correctness of intonation. To this shortcoming he ascribes "the mighty influence that, for a century past, Germany has exercised upon the perfection (*Vervollkommnung*) of music;

for the creative force of a people exerts itself in the direction in which Nature has been a niggard of her gifts to it, rather than in that indicating lavish liberality on her part." Judging by the seeming indifference of Berlin and Vienna audiences to singing out of tune, one can only infer that this national insensibility of ear is the corollary of the other national shortcoming alluded to by Wagner.

In the latter part of the year 1866, when I first became closely intimate with the musical life of Berlin, there were not three *prime donne absolute* in all North Germany whose intonation was irreproachably pure, and whose vocalisation was not more or less clumsy and laboured; nor was there a single *primo tenore* capable of adequately rendering a part profusely ornamented with *floriture*; let us say that of Don Ottavio, Almasiva or Otello. Pauline Lucca reigned in the Berlin Opera-house with undivided sway at that time; her subsequent rival, Mathilde Mallinger, was still "leading lady" at Munich, and the feud between these two eminent songstresses—which ultimately drove Frau von Rhaden to break her life-long engagement at the Prussian Hofoper and incur a very heavy pecuniary penalty—was undreamt of by either. The sprightly Viennese was then at the zenith of her professional career. The splendid quality of her voice was unimpaired, her production of it unimpeachable, her intonation all but faultless. But how was she supported on the first operatic stage of the new-born North German Confederation? It would be difficult to do justice to the turpitude, musically considered, of her lyrical colleagues, save by indulging in far stronger language than could possibly be approved of by the readers of THE LUTE. The object of the modern German school of singing—as attained and exemplified by the *personnel* of the Berlin opera-company seventeen years ago—was manifestly to develop power at the expense of quality. It appeared to take no account whatever of flexibility, *mezza-voce* production, and tone-colour. Consequently, at the time I am referring to, all the tenors at the Hofoper roared, and all the *soprani* (except Pauline Lucca) squealed. The one class of singers was as reckless as the other with regard to the *summum bonum* of all vocalisation—namely, an unflinching fidelity to the middle of the note—and yet they were tolerated—nay, vociferously applauded—by audiences especially pluming themselves upon the possession, if not the monopoly, of high musical culture and keen critical acumen.

From 1866 to 1878 this besetting sin of German operatic artists—viz., singing out of time—characterised the concert-room singer and drawing-room amateur, as well as the exponents of the lyric drama. I well remember, at a concert I attended shortly after the conclusion of the Nikolsburg Peace-Treaty—it was given by the pianist Joseffy, then a juvenile phenomenon, who subsequently developed into one of the most accomplished executants in Europe—a select audience of Berlin *dilettanti* enthusiastically recalled a good-looking songstress for performing a lengthy and elaborate *cavatina* by Rossini exactly an eighth of a tone

below the key in which it was accompanied by the concert-giver. As far as amateurs were concerned, a German Fraulein "of society," who habitually sang in tune, was as remarkable a rarity—I speak, of course, only of my own distressing experiences in the *salons* of the Fatherland—as a truly melodious bull-frog. Fortunately "At Homes" with "a little music" are not so common a form of entertainment in Germany—or anywhere else upon the Continent, for that matter—as they are in this beloved isle; and foreigners, however long they may reside in Berlin, seldom acquire sufficient intimacy with native families, to be subjected to the *peine forte et dure* of young ladies' vocal performances. But, when I was a dweller in the Modern Athens, it was possible for any alien with what is conventionally termed "a good ear for music," to get his teeth very punctually set on edge at the Hofoper or the Sing-Akademie any night of the week throughout the winter season—nay, at the former institution all the year round, barring an interval of a few weeks' "Grosse Ruhe" during the maximum vehemence of a Boreal summer's furious heat.

It took me some time, and more suffering than I should care to endure again, to realize the stern fact that an Art Institute of the first class, liberally subventioned by the Prussian Royal Exchequer, and so cordially supported by the Berlin public that, from a financial point of view, it really had nothing to wish for, was unable to secure the services of vocal artists capable of singing in tune. As a musical Englishman, I had for many years shared one of the most extensively circulated and rarely challenged delusions formerly obtaining in my native country, viz., that Northern Germany in general, and Berlin in particular, were the head-quarters, so to speak, of modern musical culture. In the days of my youth, that assumption was one of the articles of faith of a creed honestly and resolutely believed in by innumerable British musicians and lovers of music who had never lived in Germany. These worthy persons—it is always worthy persons who are indissolubly wedded to error—not unreasonably imagined that, because the Fatherland had produced the greatest composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the present German school of singing must be the best, the German ear the most finely attuned, the German taste the most pure, and the German vocal executants the most accomplished. Admitting the correctness of these deductions, it would be fairly logical to derive from them the further belief that all these excellencies should have attained fuller development in the Prussian capital than anywhere else. But, after a few months' sojourn in Berlin during which I spent at least four evenings a week in listening to operatic or concert-room performances, I was compelled to recognise the fallacy of the theories I had taken for granted during the unsophisticated period of my existence above alluded to; and I eventually arrived at the conclusion—which I have not seen any reason to change up to the present day—that State theatres in Germany as far as the provision of efficient vocalists is con-

cerned, did not keep pace with the musical requirements of the age. Their managers, cultivated and conscientious gentlemen, who labour under the disadvantage of being salaried Court officials, are not at liberty to obey their inspirations in the matter of engagements. Their position as functionaries of the State, highly paid, titled, decorated, and enjoying all the social consideration accorded in Germany to members of any Imperial or Royal Household, necessarily renders them somewhat more indifferent than is consistent with the interest of the theatre-frequenting public to the purely artistic merit of the performances given at the institutions under their control. It also leaves them forlorn of any personal, pecuniary object in securing the mere commercial success of those institutions; whilst the absence of competition with these latter deprives Royal Intendants or Directors-General of an important stimulus to exertion. Moreover, they may not pay the prices that English and American impresarii eagerly offer for first-class talent. Finally, they are confined to Germany for their choice of artists, the German language—although probably of all European tongues the least suitable to the lyric drama—being insisted upon as a *sine quâ non* by the august personages who “run” opera-houses in the Fatherland. Under these circumstances, it is obviously next to impossible that they should retain in the service of their *impresari* any stars of the greater magnitudes, even of German birth, supposing the said stars to be gifted with the small modicum of intelligence required to suggest to them the expediency of learning Italian—or even English, nowadays—inasmuch as from £1,200 to £1,500 a year is the outside remuneration they are authorised to offer to a *prima donna assolutissima* or leading tenor-singer. They are, consequently, compelled to fall back upon the front rank of mediocrities—highly-instructed and hard-working mediocrities, excellent musicians for the most part, and frequently admirable actors, but to whom, as a rule, is lacking the inestimable inborn gift of singing in tune.

Of artists such as these—with the shining exceptions of Pauline Lucca and Marianne Brandt—the vocal executant staff of the Hofoper at Berlin was exclusively composed when I first became an *habitué* of its suffocating precincts. For some weeks I hardly ever attended a performance without falling into an ecstasy of astonishment at the moderation of the Berlin public's artistic requirements and the unboundedness of its endurance. To offences, as well of omission as of commission, which would have elicited showers of petty vegetables from the auditorium of a second-class Italian provincial theatre, Berlin audiences accorded their approval (on the principle that “silence gives consent”) and not infrequently their plaudits. I repeatedly heard Herr Fricke—the leading *basso profondissimo* of the Hofoper in 1867, who, by the way, still occupies that distinguished position—sing his whole part through a fraction of a tone below pitch. Every musical ear in the house must have suffered a long agony under that torture; but

I could detect no sign of disapprobation or murmur of remonstrance. Herr Fricke was an accomplished musician and clever actor, endowed by nature with a splendid voice; a gifted painter in water-colours, and a most amiable man of excellent private character to boot. Friends of his have assured me that he has always been totally unconscious of the defect in his physical organisation which incapacitated him from singing in tune, or rendered his doing so at rare intervals the strangest and most unforeseen of accidents. He was—and doubtless still is—such a worthy fellow and “quick study,” had so wonderful a memory, and exceptional a knowledge of stage “business,” was so indefatigable, conscientious, ready to oblige, popular among his colleagues—in fact so thorough a gentleman and efficient an artist, except in the matter of his constitutional inability to sing exactly in the keys prescribed to him by operatic composers—that, when I knew him, he was regarded by the management of the Hofoper as a main pillar and support of that establishment. But all his positive and negative qualities, admirable as some of them were, could not have availed to maintain him in his position as the typical Sarastro, Falstaff, Commendatore, Marcel, Pagner, &c., &c., of the Berlin Opera-house, but for the fact that the Berlin public was content to put up with him. It did more; it liked him, and virtually endorsed his chronic discordances. The professional critics treated him with undisguised tenderness; society *dilettanti* shrugged their shoulders whenever I ventured to utter a mild protest against his faulty intonation, and replied, “But he looks so well on the stage; he is such an intelligent, trustworthy actor; besides, where can we find a better than he in Germany now-a-days?” It was upon such grounds as these that Berlin tolerated a singer who invariably put every concerted machinery with which he had to do out of gear, and whose *solis* cried aloud to Apollo for vengeance. Its admiration for Mathilde Mallinger, two or three years later, was similarly founded. She was an excellent actress, endowed with a voice of singularly unpleasant quality, and with an ear well nigh as defective as that of Herr Fricke. And yet an important section of the Berlin musical public pitted her against Pauline Lucca, and carried their partisanship to such lengths that they eventually succeeded in giving the latter artist mortal offence—with the result that she turned her back upon the German capital in utter disgust!

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

HOLIDAY MUSIC.

To the fatigued and brain-wearied worker in the field of music, the time must surely arrive, sooner or later, when the whole hope of existence becomes centred in the desire for a complete change of life—no matter for how brief a period. The appetite may be so surfeited with music, as Shakespeare says in his *Twelfth Night*, that it will “sicken and so die;” and though in this special instance the remark was placed in the mouth of the love-sick Duke who

wished to destroy his passion with excess of the "food of love," the application may be made general without loss of force. In the days of musical high pressure which now are ours, it is a positive relief—a delightful taste of freedom—to burst the bonds chaining us to the noisy town, to fly to verdant pastures and sylvan solitudes, where is heard no music save that of nature. The artistic business is overdone; culture, in the proper sense of the term, can never be out of place; but culture so-called, which demands the acquirement of a few superficial arts, can easily be recognized for a mistaken principle. Especially true is this in respect to music. Academies, Conservatories, Colleges, and Schools of Music spring up with mushroom rapidity, and as they continue to exist, the only possible inference is that they are in demand. But where does their absolute value lie? Do these institutions render any good to the country, or do they simply impose that thin veneer of æsthetic refinement which modern society asks for? In a word, are these establishments founded to make musicians—(in which case the question arises, "Do we want so many, and have we work to give them?")—or to varnish amateurs! The folly of such red-hot pursuit of the Muse is to be seen during the London concert season, when mediocrities crowd to the front with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause; real art is perforce dragged from the high place which it ought to occupy, until the struggle for supremacy becomes intolerable to the *virtuoso* or amateur and a sense of hopeless depression sets in. Some inquisitive person has asked what becomes of all the pins? It may also be asked, what becomes of the musicians? Only a certain, very limited, number can hope to gain a competency as orchestral players; those who rely upon teaching for a support have to undergo the most abject drudgery; the theatrical orchestras do not offer such terms to an artist that he can afford to live in luxury; and provincial bands—even when permanent—proffer a mere subsistence, if as much as that. The poor musician is glad enough to grasp at an engagement during the holidays, even though the arrangement may be for "half salaries" with the chilling thought that at the end of the week there will be "no treasury." Under these circumstances he can hardly be blamed for taking less than ordinary pains over his task; and indeed he is rather to be pitied than censured if, losing heart of grace and hopeless from the lack of prospect, he degenerates from a smart performer into a slipshod "make-weight."

But good, bad, or indifferent, during the holiday season the musician is abroad in all his protean forms; from the wretched cat-gut scraper of the country play-house to the wheeziest flautist who ever wasted breath in torturing a melody. If you flee from bad music in Town, it is only to encounter something immeasurably worse in the country. There's no getting away from it. Supposing that the luckless sufferer has heard of a seaside retreat—an undiscovered spot, so to speak, where the average

Cockney has not penetrated and where the war-whoop of the wild "nigger" is as yet unknown—and hies him there as to a haven of rest. The place does not belie its reputation: it is homely, quiet, secluded, and unhaunted. And that is the very reason why a careful mother has brought her family of daughters down—"for at Mudbury-in-the-Hole there can be nothing to distract the dear girls' attention from their practice." And there they go at it, six hours a day, on the most soulless of instruments, for Mudbury-in-the-Hole only boasts of one or two pianos—and not very good ones either. The traveller is oppressed with music, whithersoever he may wend his way; he cannot flee the once-loved, now hated, thing which follows like his very shadow, and dogs his footsteps like the monster of Frankenstein's impious creation. In a strait akin to that of Coleridge's Wedding-Guest, he "cannot choose but hear." There are a number of industrious gentlemen who make life noxious to the suburban resident. Their "lay" is the concertina or melodeon dodge, the manner of whose working is as simple as it is ingenious and terrifying. The operator purchases a ticket—a single will do—at one of the termini, and by crossing from one platform to the other he contrives to ride up and down the line as long as it serves his purpose, with all the confidence of a season-ticket holder, and at the smallest possible outlay. Two or three stations is the average length of a "turn," since the hat goes round for a certainty at the close of the first melody, the very plausible excuse advanced being that the musician has reached his station, and must get out there. And so he does—and into another carriage with alacrity. It is surprising to see how quickly the pence tumble in, and to any individual not likely to be burdened with a sense of *ennui* or monotony, the occupation must be as pleasant as it is lucrative. Very little stock-in-trade is required—a melodeon of an imposing exterior may be purchased for a few shillings—and it is only necessary for the player to know one tune, provided it be one of the popular ditties of the day. It is so easy to put off lack of further knowledge upon the capacity of the machine, and explain that "she won't run to it, 'cos there ain't the proper number o' sharps and flats for *that* there toon." But if the railway traveller is obliged to undergo these torments, the passenger by boat, on salt water or fresh, is placed in a far worse predicament. There is an occult mystery about the fact that water-going musicians are inevitably professors of the art of how not to play upon the harp, violin, and piccolo. Whether these particular instruments are more grateful to Neptune than others we have no means of ascertaining, but an excursion steamer might just as well attempt to start upon her voyage without boilers or engines as bereft of a harp and violin. Occasionally the party is strengthened by the addition of a Bardolphian gentleman who makes strange splutterings on a cracked cornet-à-piston; but the vessel might essay to get along without him, whilst in the absence of the others she would lie "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Oh! the

agonizing moments—the excruciating minutes—the maddening hours, passed beneath the fell influence of those soul-disturbing ear-torturers! As a matter of detail the harp and fiddle always arrange to disagree—they don't affect too intimate an association, but are always divided by the respectable interval of a bar. This produces the delightful effect of dominant harmony where the tonic is required, and *vice versa*, and is doubtless gratifying to the artists themselves. But as has been already said, that is only the merest matter of detail. What exasperates the passenger who had been doing the London season, and almost drives him to the last resource of sitting on the safety-valve of the boiler in order to end this too-fearful existence, is the manner in which the musicians ride rough-shod over everything they come across—the last new opera, the latest ballad, the freshest German waltz, the most popular music-hall ditty, or anything, down to reminiscences of the Handel Festival! Nothing, it has been said by a Gallic author, is sacred to a sapper; but, ye gods! how much less sacred are the goods ye provide to these sons of Belial? Where do all these twangers of the untuneful string and sawers of the unsympathetic catgut come from? They exist in hundreds—and what an industry they represent! Wherever the “kettle o’ steam” plies—from Hampton Court to the Nore—from London Bridge to any of the seaside places where passengers are debarkable, the harpist and fiddle-monger are to be found in partnership indissoluble. It would be an interesting task for any one with a head for calculations, statistics, and so forth, to try and get at the gross total of these necessary nuisances—the word necessary being used advisedly, since the nuisances have been proved to be part of the motive power of the boats—the result would give some idea of the prosperity of certain branches of musical instrumental manufacture. Are all the Colleges, Conservatoriums, Academies, and so forth bringing up students for no higher purpose than this? If they are being educated for higher things, where is the market for them?

It would only occur to the brain of a first-class lunatic to escape music at “a favourite watering place”—the interchangeable and truly British term for a seaside resort and the locality where you take horses to drink. Whether you want it or not, you get it, music being flung at the heads of the visitors with as much impartiality as is exhibited in the distribution of carrots, turnips, onions, and rotten eggs in a pantomime rally. But there is a way, yet, for the holiday maker to enjoy the delight of travelling by water; the exhilaration of soft sea breezes, mellowed by their contact with miles of marsh and meadow; the constant change of varied scenery; the delight of brisk motion; and—anomalous though it appear—the sense of perfect repose. For one who would dream, yet observe; rest, yet be travelling; idle, yet be acquiring information, a lotus land lies in the low-lying districts of East Anglia, where river and reed and pasture alternate with sudden undulations, wooded knolls, and wide shallow land-locked lakes. There are

no public conveyances upon these waters, but a large carrying trade is done with the curious swift-sailing “wherries”—craft as peculiar to this district as a junk is to the China seas—and the skippers are not an unfriendly race. *Verb. sap. sat.* There is a field of delight in such a wealth of vegetation, such a luxuriance of foliage, such a glow of colour, such an unceasing panorama of diversified beauty. In this part of the globe the flowers grow as if by enchantment—Dame Nature seems to have decked herself in all her finery, and the world is ablaze with jewels. There are no tow-paths to the rivers, and hence the waterways are unvulgarised by sportive youth. All breathes of calmness and serenity, while there is enough of solitude about the place to give that one tinge of sadness without which happiness is never complete. To lie on the deck of one of these wherries, forward of the mast, and in the shade of the huge black sail, to hear the swift swish of the water as the boat rushes through it at almost race-horse speed, and to listen to the piping of the reed-birds in the rushes, is to enjoy the truest and most bewitching of all “Holiday Music.”

DESMOND L. RYAN.

THE Opera season is dead, but opera still reigns—holding its court at present at the Crystal Palace, where Mr. Faulkner Leigh has assembled a very fair company of English artists, fully competent to do justice to the stock works of the Anglo-Italian lyric stage. But, even with such a charming *prima donna* as Madame Rose Hersee, the repetition of hackneyed operas would call for no distinctive comment, and the season, however pleasing to the peaceful holiday-maker on the pleasant Surrey hills, would be but nugatory in an artistic sense were it not that a very special feature of novelty is to signalize the season. This is the production, for the first time as stage works, of Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen* and Sir Julius Benedict's Birmingham Festival cantata, *Graziella*. The former work is familiar as one of the choicest gems of English secular choral music, and the manner in which it has maintained its popularity in face of its alliance to a libretto which for sheer idiocy could give Hanwell or Earlswood a fair start and a beating, speaks volumes in favour of music having an abstract value of its own, and not being merely the handmaiden of poetry, as some modern authorities would have us believe. Whether *The May Queen* upon the stage will retain its idyllic simplicity and pastoral grace, or whether the action will rob it of any of its beauties, remains yet to be seen. With *Graziella* the case is entirely different. The libretto was laid out and designed for dramatic effect, and Sir Julius Benedict has so happily fallen in with the intentions of the author, Mr. Henry Hersee, that the work is *ipso facto* a little opera, whose proper *locale* is the stage, and not the concert-room. Of the result of the performance we shall have something to say hereafter.

THE anthem “Blessed is the man,” composed by Mr. C. Harford Lloyd for the grand choral service which closed Gloucester Festival, is a work of great merit, distinguished as much by taste as musicianship. Mr. Lloyd should be heard in a cantata or an oratorio. Festival Committees, note the fact.

DEVONSHIRE PARK, EASTBOURNE. GRAND CONCERTS.

FIFTH SEASON.—UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Mr. JULIAN ADAMS.

THE Board of Management have the pleasure to announce that they have again secured the valuable services of the eminent **SOLO PIANIST and CONDUCTOR,**
MR. JULIAN ADAMS,
Musical Director, for the Season 1883.

The Music, selected and provided for these Concerts by Mr. JULIAN ADAMS, includes all the SYMPHONIES of Beethoven, Hadyn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and the *chef d'œuvres* of Wagner, Verdi, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Gounod, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, W. S. Bennett, Balfe, and other celebrated composers, as performed at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Harrogate, Buxton, Leamington, and most of the principal towns and cities in England, under his direction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 7th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

GREAT annoyance seems to have been felt by the critics at Gloucester on account of the arrangements made for facilitating the discharge of their duties. At all other Festivals it is the custom to give the gentlemen who represent important journals a secured seat, which they hold for the week, and to place one here and another there, so that they cannot well be identified. In Gloucester, the blundering, though, no doubt, well-meaning managers, have a plan of their own, that is to say, they take two benches at the entrance to the nave, where people are continually passing, and stewards are incessantly chattering. These benches they label "Press" in large capitals, and then give the critics a pass, which allows them to take any seat that may be vacant, but only so long as no one comes to claim it. Of course, the labelled benches are crowded to overflowing when an important novelty is being performed, the unfortunate journalists who cannot find room upon them having to wander in search of an empty chair, with the possibility of shifting twice or thrice. It is not wonderful that complaints arose, or that one indignant scribe bluntly asked a group of stewards whether they thought musical critics to be the humble and long-suffering folk who report dinners and coroner's inquests. Self-assertion is not a pleasant process,

but there are times when a man feels that self-respect demands whatever sacrifice may be required for its conservation. The Gloucester business only shows that the relation between newspapers and public entertainments is on a false footing. Editors should pay for tickets, and give their representatives the perfect freedom and independence that accord with the dignity of journalism.

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN has been adjudicating with a vengeance in Wales, and it is to be hoped that the wholesome remarks contained in his communication to the *Western Mail* may be taken to heart by choristers and vocalists generally throughout the length and breadth of the Principality. To the average English mind there has been such genuine good-feeling—such simple-hearted earnestness—exhibited at the Eisteddfodau, that their shortcomings and occasional trivialities have been lost sight of in the comprehensive view. But Sir George Macfarren will not be content with mediocrity, under any veil of excuse, and like the champion of old who went to free the world from dragons, so does our doughty knight put his pen in rest and run full tilt against the abuses which counterbalance the merits of the Welsh choristers. After passing a just compliment upon the Penrhyn choir, the veteran musician speaks of other choirs as possessing a tendency to force the voice which "induced always harshness of quality, and often falseness of intonation—the last sometimes to an extent as to change the key that should prevail." We thank thee, Sir George Alexander, for that term. It is couched in the language of chivalry, and henceforth when an opera tenor sings out of tune, it must be said that he did change the key that should prevail.

THERE is one paragraph in the letter which is worthy of reproduction, intact, and we give it accordingly:—"The absence of competitors for a sight-singing prize is the least favourable sign in the whole course of the proceedings. In all the choral competitions many of the singers were without copies, and many looked not at those they held. This implies memory, but memory is not musicianship. It is a ludicrous mistake in many of our elementary schools for a teacher to play a part in a musical composition again and again till the pupils know it by ear, and can sing it by heart, or, as Cobbett derides the last term, 'by hear it.' Thus bullfinches are taught, and thus parrots learn to shriek fragments of melody. As sensible would it be to pretend to teach children to read by frequently reciting to them a sentence until they could repeat it by memory, but they would be ignorant of the look of the letters or the principles of joining them into words. O Welshwomen and Welshmen, you of the beautiful voices and the strong musical instinct, believe that if there be truth this is one of the truest, namely, that to be able to read music as easily as words will largely augment your power of pleasing others, of joining in harmony with one another, and of deriving delight to yourselves through the mind's ear from the written characters which are the types of unuttered sounds. The master will render you more real service who will teach you to read one phrase from the musical staff, the staff which was in use in England before ever it was known in Italy, than he who parrots you into singing a whole oratorio by rote." There be home-truths in the foregoing, which others, besides wearers of the leek, will do well to lay to heart. Oral instruction in music is worse than useless as an educative medium, for it induces an acquisitive facility, which is a thorough foe to earnest legitimate study.

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"LUTE". No 9. SEPTEMBER 15TH 1883.

This Part-Song is published separately Price 3d

"SYLVIA"

Four-Part Song.

Poetry by
SHAKSPEARE.

Music by
WALTER MACFARREN.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Gt MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Allegretto. M.M. ♩ = 104.

Soprano. *f* Who is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-
Contralto. *f* Who is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-
Tenor. *f* Who is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-
Bass. *f* Who is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-
Piano. *f* Who is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-

f mend her?
f mend her?
f What is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-
f What is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-
f What is Syl_via? what is she, That all our swains com-

This Accompaniment is intended for rehearsal only.

P & W. 898.

Who is Syl - via! what is she, That
 Who! who . . .
 - mend her! Who! who . . .
 - mend her! Who is Syl - via what is she, That
 all our swains com - mend her! What is she, what
 is Syl - - via! What is, what
 is Syl - - via! What is she, what
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 is she, That all our swains com - mend her! Ho - - ly
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p sostenuto.
p sostenuto.
p sostenuto.
p sostenuto.
p sostenuto.

That fair and wise . . . is she The heavns such

ho fair and wise . . . is she The heavns such

ho fair and wise . . . is she The heavns such

That fair and wise . . . is she The heavns such

grace did lend her That she might ad-mi-red be Who is

grace did lend her That she might ad-mi-red be Who is

grace did lend her That she might ad-mi-red be Who?

grace did lend her Who?

grace did lend her Who?

grace did lend her Who?

Syl - via! what is she, That all our . . .

Syl - via! what is she, That all our . . .

who? who is Syl - via!

who? who is

swains com-mend her! Ho-ly, fair, and wise is

swains com-mend her! Ho-ly, fair, and wise is

what is she! Ho-ly, fair, and wise is

Syl - - - via! Ho-ly, fair and wise is

she The heav'ns such grace . . . did lend her

she The heav'ns such grace did lend her

she The heav'ns such grace . . . did lend her

she The heav'ns such grace did lend her

cresc. That she might ad-mi-red that she

cresc. That she might ad-mi-red that she

cresc. That she might ad-mi-red that she

cresc. That she might ad-mi-red that she

f might ad-mi - - red be *p* Is she kind... as she is
 might ad-mi - - red be *p* Is she
 might ad-mi - red be
 - mi - - - - red be

fair For beau - ty lives with kind - ness
 kind, . . . For beau - ty lives with kind - ness *mf*
 For beau - ty lives with kind - ness Is she
mf

mf Is she
 Is she kind!.. For beau - ty lives with kindness
 kind... as she is fair!.. For beau - ty lives with kindness *f*
 Is she
mf

kind.. as she is fair!.. For beau - ty lives with kind - ness For
 kind..... kind..... as she is fair!... For
 kind..... kind.... as she is fair!... For
 kind.. as she is fair!.. For beau - ty lives with kind - ness beau.

beau - - ty lives for beau - ty lives with kind - - ness
 beau - - ty lives for beau - ty lives with kind - - ness
 beau - - ty lives for beau - ty lives with kind - - ness
 - - - - ty iives for beau - ty lives with kind - - ness

p dolce.
 Love ... doth to her eyes... re - pair..... To
p dolce.
 Love ... doth to her eyes... re - pair..... To
p dolce.
 Love... doth to her eyes... re - pair..... To
p dolce.
 Love.... doth to her eyes ... re - pair..... To.

For help.... him of.... his blind - - - ness Is she
 For help.... him of.... his blind - - - ness Is she
 For help.... him of.... his blind - - - ness kind....
 beau. help..... him of..... his blind - - - ness kind.....

ness kind... as she is fair!.... For beau - ty lives with
 ness kind... as she is fair!.... For beau - ty lives with
 ness kind kind as she is
 ness kind kind as she is

To kind - - - ness Love doth to.... her eyes.... re-
 To kind - - - ness Love doth to. . . her eyes.... re-
 To kind - - - ness Love doth to.... her eyes.... re-
 To kind - - - ness Love doth to.... her eyes.... re-

- pair to help . . . him . . . of his blind - ness And

- pair to help . . . him . . . of his blind - ness And

- pair to help . . . him . . . of his blind - ness And

- pair to help . . . him . . . of his blind - ness And

p be - - - ing *cresc.* helped And be - - - ing

p be - - - ing *cresc.* helped And be - - - ing

p be - - - ing *cresc.* helped And be - - - ing

p be - - - ing *cresc.* helped And be - - - ing

f helped in - ha - - bits there Then to *ff* Syl - via let us

f helped in - ha - - bits there Then to *ff* Syl - via let us

f helped in - ha - bits there Then to *ff* Syl - via let us

- ha - - - bits there Then to

And sing That Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing She ex -

And sing That Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing She ex -

And sing That Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing She ex -

Syl - via let us sing That Syl - via is ex - cell - ing She ex -

- cels each mor - tal thing Up - - on the dull earth

- cels each mor - tal thing Up - - on the dull earth

- cels each mor - tal thing Up - - on the dull earth

- cels each mor - tal thing Up - - on the dull earth

ff dwell - ing Then to Syl - via let us sing That

ff dwell - ing Then to Syl - via let us sing That

ff dwell - - - ing Then to Syl - via let us sing That

ff dwell - - - ing Then to Syl - via let us sing That

Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing She ex - cels each

Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing She ex - cels each

Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing She ex - cels each

Syl - - - via is ex - cell - ing That Syl - - - via

mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - - - ing To ... *stretto.*

mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - - - ing To *stretto.*

mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing To ... *stretto.*

is ex - cell - - - - ing To *stretto.*

.... her let us gar - - lands, gar

her, to her let us gar - - lands bring

.... her. let us gar - - lands bring

her, to her let us gar - - lands bring

each
each
each
via
stretto.
tretto.
To
To
tretto.
To
bring
bring

dim. *p* *Tempo I?* *p*
dim. *p* *Tempo I?* *p*
p *Tempo I?* *p*
p *Tempo I?*
dim. *Tempo I?*
mf *cresc.*
mf *cresc.*
mf *cresc.*

lands bring... To... her...
lands bring... To... her...
gar-lands bring.... To... her...
gar-lands gar - - - lands bring To
to her... let us... gar-lands bring...
to her... let us... gar-lands bring...
to her... let us... gar-lands gar - - - lands
her, to her let us gar - - - lands
To... her,... to her... let us gar-lands
To... her,... to her... let us gar-lands
bring To her, to her let us
bring To her, to her let us

stretto. *f* bring To her let us gar - - lands bring To . . .

stretto. *f* bring *stretto.* To her to her let us gar - - lands bring To

bring gar - lands bring gar - - - - - lands bring To

stretto. *f* bring To her to her let us gar - - lands bring To . . .

stretto. *f* her let us gar - - - lands bring To . . . her

her to her let us gar - - - lands bring To . . . her

her to her let us gar - - - lands bring To . . . her

stretto. *f* her let us gar - - - lands bring To . . . her

stretto. *f* to . . . her to . . . her let us gar - - lands bring . . .

to . . . her to . . . her let us gar - - lands bring . . .

to . . . her to . . . her let us gar - - lands bring . . .

to . . . her to . . . her let us gar - - lands bring . . .

ritard. *ando.* *ritard.* *ando.* *ritard.* *ando.* *ritard.* *ando.*

THE J
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THE projected testimonial to Sir Michael Costa is an act of grateful homage to a talented artist, whose presence with us, for over the span allotted to a generation, has been fraught with signal benefit to the cause which he so ardently espoused. As a public servant, Michael Costa won his golden spurs, and little jealousy could have attended the bestowal of the special honour which the Queen thought a fitting tribute to the perseverance, energy, and fixedness of purpose of the musician who had lived and worked with us, and adopted our country as his own. In opera the influence of Costa will leave its mark, and what he has done for oratorios will be gratefully remembered by those who knew the Sacred Harmonic Society in its halcyon days, and who entertain favourable reminiscences of the maestro's two oratorios, *Eli*—composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1855—and its successor *Naaman*, also written for the Festival of the hardware capital, and produced nine years later. In fact, for many years, London has recognised in Costa a power, which has been none the less appreciated on account of its being distinctly autocratic. The Handel Festivals owed much of their success and their permanent stability to his efforts, so much so, that when in June last it was found that failing health would rob the Festival orchestra of its familiar dominating figure, the gravest fears were entertained as to the success of the enterprise. The result, while happily dispelling these doubts, bore testimony to one thing—that Costa's endeavours had been successful in placing the undertaking upon so stable a foundation as to render it a source of national pride, and elevate it from the position of a mere musical commemoration to something like a patriotic celebration. The hand of sickness has weighed heavily of late upon the once indomitable *chef d'orchestre*, and his retirement from public life was enforced—needless to say—against his will. Few men can leave a more brilliant record of deeds attempted and accomplished than Michael Costa, and for this reason it is to be hoped that the testimonial to be offered will take such a form as to gladden the declining years, and keep alive the fiery pride of the distinguished maestro. Few people are more loth to cherish malice than our countrymen, and if at one time the attitude of Sir Michael Costa appeared to be inimical to the progress of modern native art, it will be forgotten in the generous wish to show that those who have benefited by his labours, think, in respect of his honoured career, nothing that is not kindly and good.

WHEN the big gooseberry season sets in with its inveterate deluge of inanity, we may expect to find some high things done by candidates for the meed of idiocy. It is a pity some astute sub-editor does not start a musical discussion in the columns of a big daily upon the similarity between the minor modes and addled eggs, or the affinity existing between the colours of the spectrum and the various keys. We only throw out these vague suggestions, and purposely give them a tinge of the ridiculous, because it is hopeless to expect that any controversialists will ever be got to talk sense when music is the topic; and, inasmuch as in the one case some merriment might be the result, in the other nothing but "words, words, words"—and they of the lengthiest and dullest—would be the outcome. To talk of music, in a way to be understood of men, is one of the most difficult tasks imaginable; your scientist descends into jargon; your poetic musician wallows in rhapsody, in which "blood" and "fire" are the only comprehensible images. In an American paper (which is also published

here), some very pungent remarks about newspaper literature, and the manner in which the reader of to-day wants to have his facts set before him, suggests that we might also lay the matter well under consideration and see whether music like other arts might not be rationally conversed upon. There is a growing tendency to prefer plain, straightforward language to the most inflated Johnsonese, and competent men who write instructive scientific books, not only confine themselves to the briefest possible limits, but express their thoughts, practical experiences, and deductions in the fewest and plainest terms. What a boon it would be for some sensible individual to arise who could set the principles of harmony before a young intellect in such suggestive simplicity that the facts could be grasped at once—and, since with ease, with pleasure. The happy schoolboy of the future will not be a hydrocephalic Toots—a tender plant who leaves off blowing early on account of being forced—but a frolicsome young dog who will talk counterpoint in the cricket-field and harmony among the hay-makers. Meanwhile, if any of the autumn swarm of gooseberryites will give us their ideas—not in these columns, which are unfortunately too limited—as to how this consummation is to be brought about, we shall be thankful.

By the time that this is in print the one hundred and sixtieth meeting of the Three Choirs will be a matter of history—bearing its tale of strength or weakness for the world to study. At the hour of writing it is only possible to draw attention to one very patent fact—that the directors of these hitherto rather sleepy meetings have at length awakened to the necessity of doing something, and, what is more to the purpose, have given sound practical expression to their convictions. For one of the Three Choirs' Festivals to produce two new oratorios, a new symphony, and a new choral work—all the composition of English musicians—and to follow the dictates of popular taste closely enough to perform the most talked-about "sacred drama" of modern times, M. Gounod's *Redemption*, seems as if at last the old lethargy was about to be thrown off, and a new era of activity set in. Another matter, equally deserving of note, is the fact that the orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus, is British to the backbone. Dr. Stainer's *Mary Magdalen*, and Dr. Arnold's *Sennacherib* will be dealt with in their proper place, as will likewise Dr. Villiers Stanford's *Elegiac Symphony*, and Dr. Hubert C. H. Parry's choral work, "The glories of our Blood and State." For the remainder, the Festival programme includes *Elijah* for the opening, and *Messiah* for the closing performances, with Beethoven's Mass in C, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Anthems by Bird and Gibbons, and the *Redemption*. Mozart's G minor symphony, and Mendelssohn's *Waldpurgis Night* will be the chief features of the evening concerts in the Shire Hall. Veritably a good week's work—may the choristers prove equal to it.

A VETERAN correspondent, indulging in reminiscences during his holiday, writes:—"Talking of promenade concerts, I am old enough to remember the original entertainments—in London; for Musard first started them in Paris, some 55 years ago. The Lyceum Theatre was the first *locale* in 1838-1839, and although the public tolerated an occasional symphony, or overture, quadrilles and waltzes were all the go! Complaining to a friend, a young man "about town," of so much dance music, he urged, in reply, that the quadrilles, as pointed and rhythmic, were so nice to *walk about to*! The 'Echo'

quadrilles, with a cornet 'repeat' behind the scenes, had a long run; also *La double Echelle* quadrille, where a pistol was fired off on the first accent of the bar, at a certain point, in order to mark the time, and greatly improved the situation! What would Wagner have said to this? Sensational, *à la bonne heure*. Poor Jullien, soon afterwards, took up his promenade concerts at Drury Lane, and ran them, summer and winter, for many years. Jullien used to present bouquets to the ladies in the boxes, and laid his hand upon his heart when 'called' by the audience, after the best fashion of old Mr. Turveydrop, the master of 'deportment.' The Polka came into vogue about 1839-40, and Jullien wrote one of his own, or as wags were wont to say, paid a musical hack to write it for him! *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Now there are 'classical' nights, and Wagner's music commands respectful attention."

"OLD Covent Garden Theatre, reconstructed and enlarged for the Royal Italian Opera in 1847, is still in my mind's eye. My first visit to any theatre occurred on Friday, January 18, 1828, and old Covent Garden was the lucky house. *Il Seraglio*, an early opera of Mozart, was the *pièce de résistance*, and the management mounted it splendidly. I could not then appreciate the fine music, as a schoolboy in his eighth year, but the grand *Germanic* professional chorus in C, 'Singt dem grossen Basha lieder' (sing songs to the great Bashaw!) made a deep impression upon my juvenile ear, for papa, an ardent adorer of Mozart, had sung it to me at home until I knew the 'motives' by heart. The comic business with a drunken harem-keeper, Osmin, naturally diverted a youngster, and the Turkish costumes, so light and variegated, were a picture. This opera was revived a year ago. Then followed—not the sermon, thank God—but the 'new grand comic Christmas Pantomime' yclept, *Harlequin and Number Nip of the Giant Mountain*. I fell incontinently in love with a spangled fairy of ten or twelve summers, and felt uncomfortable for at least forty-eight hours! In honour of our late 'untoward' victory at Navarino (A.D. 1827) a 'naumachia' was introduced in the course of the pantomime, and roars of applause awaited the brave English women who wrested a flag from some degenerate and emasculated Turk? The music I hardly remember: it was not Wagnerian! At this time the harlequin, clown, and pantaloons sustained certain characters in the first, or *story* part, and when duly commanded at the crisis by the good fairy, they stripped off their upper garments, and appeared forthwith in their peculiar parti-coloured costumes. The clowns were then much more funny than at present, and the 'tricks' not only more numerous, but more effective."

"A GRAND affair was the production of Auber's *Gustavus III.*, at this same theatre in December, 1833. The opera ran throughout the Christmas holidays, and up to Easter, 1834, without a night's intermission. Henry Phillips was the Ankarstroem; Miss Inverary, Madame Ankarstroem, Miss Shirreff, the page Oscar; Mr. Warde, the King; and Mr. Templeton (Malibran's 'tall, handsome man, but very bad lover'), Colonel Lillienhorn. Tom Cooke had the impudence to manufacture for Phillips the (very popular) ballad in E flat, 'When time hath bereft thee,' the 'motive' whereof was borrowed from the first few bars of the overture. This, and Balfe's 'Light of other days,' also allotted to Phillips, must have brought a fortune to the music-sellers. Superior to both is

John Barnett's baritone song in *The Mountain Sylph*, 'Farewell to the mountain,' sung by Phillips at the Lyceum in August, 1834, and always encored. The ballet in the last masquerade scene of *Gustavus III.*, was splendid, and town-talk for months. The famous Gallopade in A flat still haunts the ear, and the Page's coquettish song to Ankarstroem, when the assassin wishes to identify the poor King, has an equally sprightly analogue in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The public were most amused in this scene by a 'figure' dance of two persons, a man and a woman, who, after a rapid run to the front of the stage, turned 'right about face,' and displayed another full front, instead of the expected back view! Poor Auber! He led, like Rossini and the Pope, a 'jolly life,' appreciated English habits, and spoke of our *cheese* as the 'perfect cadence' of the dinner—*homme de goût* that he was!"

THE ways of the advertiser are inscrutable. He is unafflicted by conscience and has no petty failing in respect of always adhering to truth. Not to put too fine a point upon it, his mind is elastic, his temperament serene, he lies with the equanimity of Young Wilding, and is perpetually preparing pitfalls, blind-alleys, and no-thoroughfares for the delusion of the unwary. With what inward satisfaction must the advertisement monger behold one of his victims caught in the toils! When your regular newspaper thresher gets hold of a nice little paragraph with an astounding title, he settles down to comfortable enjoyment—this the fiend in broadcloth is waiting for, and he chuckles with grim satisfaction as the reader, after being shunted on to many sidings from the main track, eventually finds himself face to face with the announcement of Mr. Swindel's Patent Corn Extractor, or a Hair Dye warranted neither to stain, rub off, burn, or blister. Down goes that newspaper, to the muttered accompaniment of ejaculations the reverse from complimentary to advertising agents, and the man's enjoyment is, for the time, spoilt. He has lost confidence in his favourite journal, and is thereby not a little ruffled—existence for that day at least becomes embittered and a newspaper is as a thing of gall and wormwood.

A RECENT example of the "deluding title dodge" appeared in a daily journal published not a hundred miles from Liverpool, under the heading of "The Value of Photography." When the name of Daguerre had been used up, that of Mapleson appeared, and it was not easy to see the association of the two. Lower down, however, the patronym of Madame Marie Roze came into notice, and the writer—quoting from a Gallic authority—related a very pretty legend of the popular French artists appearing at a concert in a village in the Auvergne mountains called *La Fosse*, where the touring party got rained-up. The Town Hall was placed at the disposal of the visitors, and the tickets, issued at the magnificent sum of three francs, were sold for the exclusive benefit of the poor of the place. Unfortunately, certain wiseacres, with a sagacity which would have done credit to Dogberry himself, laid their heads together and came to the conclusion that the whole affair was a swindle—that the travellers were banditti in mufti—that Marie Roze was not herself at all, nor even a Frenchwoman. This was duly rehearsed in the presence of the bewildered Mr. Mapleson by "a distinguished but somewhat dirty deputation," and in vain did Mr. Mapleson attempt to remove their mistrust.

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The spokesman, who for wisdom would have given Solomon points, refused to see how any gentleman of the name of Mapleson could possibly be the husband of Madame Marie Roze, and this remark was received with cheers. To be brief, Mr. Mapleson remembered having some photographs of his wife (when did he ever travel without them?) bearing her name printed thereon, and the production of these artistic treasures abolished all misunderstanding—the deputation apologised, the concert duly took place, the room was crowded to suffocation, and the proceeds amounted to close upon £13. The prevailing impression was that the *diva* was a delightful vocalist, almost upon a par with the daughter of the Mayor!

THE performances of the Regent's Park Sunday Band, organised by the National Sunday League, have terminated for the present season, and a pleasant and sensible source of recreation is withdrawn from that large section of the working population which prefers to take its sole holiday of the week in the open-air. At the concluding concert, given on the 9th inst., a long and diversified selection was listened to with attention and enthusiasm by an audience numbering many thousands of persons, and one number at least was encored amid acclamations. To the "unco' guid" the notion of listening to waltzes, polaccas, popular melodies, marches, &c., borders uncomfortably upon the irreverent; but after all, why should the Devil have all the good tunes, and does it follow that because "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Lost Chord" are occasionally heard in concert-rooms, they should be unfit for open-air gatherings in a park on the Sabbath? The sooner that such silly restrictions upon popular pleasure are withdrawn, and people will come to recognise that anything which is good of its kind is good likewise in the abstract, the better for our character as a sensible people.

AFTER a holiday closing of somewhat longer duration than usual, owing to the unwonted heat of the weather in the Austrian capital during the past summer, the Vienna Hofoper re-opened the other day for the autumn season of 1873, with a company chiefly composed of "under-studies," as far as the leading rôles were concerned—its "bright, particular stars" being still on furlough, a convertible term for "on tour" in the majority of cases. Austrian and German operatic singers, even of the very first-class, are as a rule so moderately remunerated for their services in Imperial and Royal theatres that they are compelled to utilize their *congés* in the provinces, in order to make two ends meet; and not uncommonly earn as much during their two, or at the most three, months' leave, as the total amount of their regular salaries for the rest of the year. There are, doubtless, certain compensatory advantages attached to their position as members of companies subventioned from the Privy Purse of an Emperor or King. In the first place, a title is conferred upon them by the respective Chief of the State. They become "Imperial Royal Court-Opera Singers," and are thus described in all public official or press announcements. Anybody omitting that predicate from the direction of a letter addressed to them, would be held guilty of an unpardonable offence. Secondly, they acquire a right to a life-pension, just sufficient in amount to enable them to keep body and soul together in their old age, after "serving the State" as vocalists for a certain number of years. Thirdly, they practically enjoy a

monopoly of "society" engagements at the houses of the hereditary and financial Viennese aristocracies during the musical season, which abounds in private as well as in public concerts. These privileges, in some measure, make up for the slenderness of their official incomes, which seldom exceed £80 a month, in the case of "absolute first ladies" or leading tenors, whilst *contralti*, *baritoni*, and *bassi profondi* belonging to the category of "principals" may esteem themselves fortunate if they draw half that amount from the Imperial Treasury. In the provinces, however, their titles of "K. K. Hofopernsänger" or "K. K. Kammersängerin" bring grist to the mill, and, as a matter of fact, enable them to more than double the emoluments attached to those high-sounding predicates.

THE programme of the Vienna Opera-house for the 1883-4 season is by no means sensational. Its chief feature in the "novelty line" will be *Tristan and Isolde*. Strange to say, this important work, pronounced by Wagner himself to be the "highest and fullest" expression of his "method," has never heretofore been performed in the most musical of European cities. The story of *Tristan and Isolde* in connection with Vienna—what the Germans would call its *Vorgeschichte*—is in some respects an odd one. Twenty years have elapsed since that opera was accepted by the management of the Hofoper. Scenery was painted, properties and costumes were made for it. Learning that it was about to be put in rehearsal, Wagner came up to Vienna for the special purpose of rendering every assistance in his power to the artists of all categories selected to take part in its performance. Months passed away, during which he spared no pains to render his music intelligible to the leading singers of the Imperial company; but in vain. They studied their parts assiduously, but could not master them; at last they came to him in a body and declared that the opera was quite beyond their powers. One or two of them went even farther, respectfully stating their conviction that it was intrinsically too difficult to be ever performed by any set of merely human artists. Remonstrances availed nothing; *Tristan and Isolde* was dropped by the management, and Wagner had uselessly sacrificed several months of his valuable time, besides having been put to heavy expense when he could ill afford it. The unhappiest weeks of his life, he has often alleged, were those immediately following the abandonment of his favourite work by the Vienna *Intendantur*. One day he left the Kaiserstadt secretly, letting none of his friends there know whither he was going. The consequence of this proceeding was that when, during the following spring (1864), King Louis of Bavaria made inquiries of the Austrian Government, through his Minister at Vienna, respecting the whereabouts of "the great master, whose works he had admired for years, but whom he personally did not know," nobody in Vienna could say where Wagner was to be found, and several weeks elapsed before his hiding-place in Switzerland was discovered. When King Ludwig's summons at length reached him, it raised him from the depths of despondency to a pinnacle of hope he had never theretofore attained. He had, indeed, begun to despair of his works ever being performed at all, and was on the verge of melancholy madness when the Royal Wittelsbach, in taking him by the hand, saved his reason from overthrow and, in all probability, his life to boot. Since that fortunate conjuncture in his career *Tristan and Isolde* has been successfully produced

at Munich, Berlin, Leipzig, Weimar and Hamburg—last, though not least, at London, where during the summer of 1882 it drew two of the largest audiences ever gathered together within the walls of Old Drury. But on the first of European operatic stages it was never once performed during Richard Wagner's life; the Vienna Hofoper, having owed him a debt of honour for a score of years, is only just now about to pay it to his *maues*. *Tristan and Isolde* is to be set and mounted with the utmost splendour; its cast will comprise Winkelman, Scaria and Frau Materna; its "tone-poem" will be interpreted by the finest operatic orchestra in the world; but it is a pity that so handsome an *amende honorable* could not have been made but one twelvemonth sooner, to the living Master, instead of to his justly offended shade.

COMPULSORY education and enforced army service have made the Germans the most highly instructed, intellectually emancipate and physically orderly nation on the Continent of Europe. Still there are yet nooks and corners in the Fatherland to which latter-day enlightenment has not penetrated, and in which crass ignorance and superstitions worthy of the twelfth century are quite as prevalent and influential as they are in Zululand or Russia Proper. In Bavarian villages and Upper-Palatinate hamlets may be found, at the present moment, scores upon scores of well-to-do peasant farmers who entertain the immovable conviction that the performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth have one and all been celebrations of more or less ungodly rites gotten up by Freemasons, and that one Lodge after another has made the conversion of the "Perfect Fool" a pretext for taking the Holy Communion with mocking and blasphemous intentions. Even more incredibly absurd is the belief entertained throughout a number of petty and out-of-the-way agricultural districts within a twelve miles' radius of Bayreuth itself, viz., that the *Parsifal* performances above alluded to have this year been the immediate cause of the bad harvest-weather lately prevailing throughout that part of the country. It has come to light that several of the artists engaged for the 1883 "Sommer-Cyklus" were grossly insulted by yokels upon more than one occasion, whilst making brief excursions in the neighbourhood of Bayreuth, as having helped the wizard of Wahnfried to cast a maleficent spell upon the weather and the crops. So widely-spread has been this ridiculous notion that Dr. Casselmann, the Dean of Bayreuth, took occasion at the Provincial Synod held in that city on the 7th August, to explain the real nature of the *Parsifal* Festival-Stage-Play to the ecclesiastics and civilians (churchwardens, &c.) attending that assembly, and to exhort them to combat the superstitions current with regard to that drama, when and wherever they might encounter them. The Catholic Bavarian or Palatinate view of a Wagnerian opera appears to be about on a par, from an intellectual point of view, with the typical Scotch Presbyterian moral attitude towards an organ.

WAGNER'S alliterative proclivities have furnished a contemporary German jester with the material of a harmless but extremely funny joke, partly pictorial, partly literary. The gates of Heaven are represented in a sketch; one of them is ajar; the immortal part of Wagner, in his habit as he lived, advancing towards the celestial portals, becomes cognizant of the official irregularity pointed to by the fact that they are partly open, and hails Peter, the Apostolic Janitor, with the characteristic utter-

ance "Schleunig schliesse, Du Schlimmer, das schlechte Schloss!" (Swiftly close the clumsy lock, you bad old fellow!) Instantly a joyous chorus of cherubim and seraphim is heard within Heaven, loudly chanting "Herrie, der Wagner!" (Gracious goodness, there's Wagner!) Underneath is inscribed the succinct sentence, "They all recognized him immediately!"

HEINRICH BOETEL, the second "robust tenor" of German origin accidentally discovered upon a coach-box, has recently proved himself to be worthy of that designation from a muscular as well as a vocal point of view. Northern Germany already knew him to be possessed of one of the most powerful voices that have ever trumpeted out the high *C di pello*, but was unacquainted with him in his character as a formidable athlete. It remained to Southern Germany to "spot" his specialities in the latter line of celebrity. She has done so of late to some purpose. The ex-cabman has been taking his summer holiday by the Starnberger Lake in Upper Bavaria, amongst some of the most picturesque scenery in Central Europe. One Sunday he attended a Kermesse or fair, at a mountain village famed for the vigour and "stugginess" of its indigenous wrestlers. After high mass, as is the custom in the Catholic rural districts of Germany, local sports set in with their usual severity. The leading *Ringkämpfer* of the village successively measured their strength against one another, and against candidates for renown from the surrounding country districts. Boetel looked on, a deeply interested spectator. By and by, rather late in the afternoon, the competitors got sifted down to two—the acknowledged champion of the place, and a gigantic Bavarian Highlander from the other side of the Lake. The struggle between these men of might was a long and severely contested one, resulting in a fair and square back-fall to the local "cock of the walk." As the victor, stretching his brawny arms out triumphantly, was "walking round" the enclosure to the admiration of the Maedels and envy of the Bu'as, Boetel stepped leisurely across the line of demarcation, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Thou knowest me not. I am a stranger here—a Hanse; but I should like to try a fall with thee. Art thou content?" Laughing aloud in the pride of his heart, the huge Ober-Baier replied, "Surely yes," and held out his sinewy hand to Boetel, who grasped it with a vigour that caused its owner to slightly raise his eyebrows, as though in surprise. Boetel forthwith stripped to his undershirt, kicked off his boots and rolled his trousers up to the knees, displaying calves of formidable girth and knottiness. The men then "took hold," in the good old German way, without dodging or feinting; and such a tussle ensued (so writes an enthusiastic eye-witness) "as is seldom seen in these degenerate days." Presently, however, to the amazement of all present, the "fremder Herr" fairly lifted his colossal adversary off his feet and threw him backwards over his (Boetel's) right shoulder, with such violence that the Ober-Baier lay stunned and motionless for a couple of minutes, as if he had been stricken down by a pole-axe. The fame of this feat has spread far and wide through the Fatherland; so rival tenors may be expected to give Herr Heinrich Boetel a wide berth for the future.

MR. SINCLAIR DUNN is engaged to give his entertainment "Songs of Britain" and "Nights wi' Scottish Poets" for twenty-eight evenings in Scotland, from September 27 to October 29.

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FROM THE PROVINCES.

CARDIFF.—There appears to be a divergence of opinion among Welshmen themselves as to the character and form which an Eisteddfod should take in this nineteenth century, and as a consequence, it is difficult for an Eisteddfod to be held at which general satisfaction can be given. The Cardiff meetings were originally intended to be broadly based. Exclusion was to be conspicuous by its absence, art was to be encouraged for art's sake, and it was felt that the time had certainly come when Welshmen were not afraid to meet Englishmen in the lists. Some prizes were offered which were open to English residents in the Principality, and a few, we believe, were offered without restriction. This was the programme that was calculated to lead to a grand national celebration, a programme that would in itself be a repudiation of any charge of narrow-mindedness, and one which, if carried out in its entirety, would be the means incidentally of recognising the Welsh blood that runs in English veins. English has largely become the language of Wales. But the people are not less Welsh. English music, and music favoured in England, has been greatly appreciated in Wales. But the people are not less Welsh. It could not therefore be deemed antagonistic to the spirit of Eisteddfodau if these facts were admitted, while the policy of perpetuating an institution on effete lines was too absurd to be considered. It may indeed be questioned whether the *Gorsedd* itself is much venerated except by the few Welshmen who step forward to take a part in it. Recent remarks of the Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths—himself an enthusiastic Welshman—go to show that in this age such a ceremony is of no very great value. Of course it is a quaint proceeding, and may amuse the modern Welshman and afford an appreciable demonstration to the antiquary. But none of us live in the past, and it is quite questionable whether Wales requires the aid of such antique ceremonies to prove its "nationality" in the present. Be that as it may, the Cardiff Committee may certainly be credited with a desire to produce an Eisteddfod that would command general respect. Up to a certain point they were successful. But this state of things was followed at the last moment by squabbling, the "drink question" being prominent. And now, Mr. Brinley Richards declares the Eisteddfod to have been a musical festival, and he demands a more national character for it in future, while Mr. Emyln Evans, one of the musical adjudicators, points out that "with the exception of two pieces, they had had no Welsh music at the Eisteddfod. He thought that that was one of the grossest insults which Wales had suffered for 50 years. He certainly thought that, having complete works in Welsh, they might at least have had something from a cantata or oratorio." Mr. Lewis Morris also observed, with something like a sneer, that "the Eisteddfod was essentially a Welsh institution, and no attempt to Anglicise it would be successful." From an aspiring poet this sentiment was scarcely what might have been expected, especially as it does not seem that any attempt has been made to deprive the Eisteddfod of its leading characteristics. It is to be presumed that, arranging their own Eisteddfod, Welshmen have had matters in their own hands. Welshmen have, it must be confessed, become "Anglicised" in regard to language. But they still retain their nationality as far

as possible. Mr. Lewis Morris is himself an instance of this. By nature he is Welsh, but if his works live at all they will live in English. Then how can the Eisteddfod, as a demonstrator of the musical and other capabilities of English-speaking Welsh people, reject what is English on the ground that it is not "national?"

The Welsh desire to be known as a people of poetry and genius, but petty squabbling cannot be considered to indicate vast capability. They must learn to cope with the times, and when they have got something to fight for to fight manfully. When enlightened Welshmen are opposed by dreamy antiquaries, concerted action is not attained, and if this state of things is to be chronic, the destruction of the Eisteddfod will be assured by its "friends."

Turning from the abstract to the particular, we find that the detail arrangements of the Cardiff Eisteddfod were not altogether efficient. There was mismanagement in regard to the disposition of seat-holders, and on the last day of the meetings great disappointment was occasioned through the non-appearance of the choirs which had competed in the afternoon, and had been announced to sing in combination several grand and beautiful choruses. The omission was unpardonable. Mr. Turpin, the conductor of the fine orchestra, was really "left in the lurch," but summoning up great pluck, he produced an impromptu rendering of the *Hallelujah Chorus* (Handel) in response to the shouts of the audience for "the choirs." The members of the orchestra both sang and played, as well as they were able, and here and there a vocalist in the crowd assisted in the rendering of the great composer's masterpiece! The effect was not sublime, but the fault was not Mr. Turpin's, who, indeed, was to be commiserated and admired, standing as he did boldly to the fore waving his bâton with the energy of despair over the heads of the almost voiceless multitude. If such a proceeding had emanated from the committee itself they might have deserved the thanks of the Welshmen who grumble at the heavy expenditure of money in musical items, for it would have been a cheap and ready method of making the audience themselves furnish what they had paid to be furnished with. Had the novelty proved a success with the Welsh audience which Mr. Turpin so greatly confided in, the musical reputation of the Welsh would have been more fully established than ever, and the conductor might have become a greater hero. Still, the *Hallelujah Chorus* was "rendered," and the people recognized the difficulty in which Mr. Turpin, who really took pains to please them, was placed.

Such a *contretemps* ought not however to have been allowed to happen in the presence of an audience of twenty thousand persons, and it is to our minds a more damaging feature of the Eisteddfod than even the miserable quibbles about "nationality." Let us hope that Liverpool will duly profit by the lessons which have been taught.

The "National" Institution migrates to "English" ground next year, but perhaps the change will be beneficial.

SWANSEA.—What is intended to be an annual musical Eisteddfod took place on the 27th inst., in the picturesque grounds adjoining the ruins of Oystermouth Castle, the attendance including choirs, numbering over 5,000 persons. Mr. Charles Gold presided; the adjudicators were: Eos Morlais and Mr. W. J. Samuel; and the Rev. E. Edwards acted as conductor.

REVIEWS.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Toccata in F. major, for the Pianoforte. Composed by Arthur O'Leary.

THIS is a piece of some importance, both as regards plan and character. The composer has fancy and skill. He writes like a musician, and, moreover, like one who is not only acquainted with the instrument, but considers it. We regard the *Toccata* as an effective and desirable piece.

WILLEY AND CO.

I. *Roaming*. Song. Words and music by Frank Swift.
II. *Sweet Windermere*. Song. Music by Frank Swift.

No. I. is nautical, and of the "Yo-ho" class. It is also "naughty" in a poetic sense.

Mr. Swift begins:—

"I love to roam o'er the beauteous sea
On the breast of its calm so free."

Roaming on the breast of a calm free or otherwise must be a curious experience. No. II. has no special merit to recommend it.

R. COCKS AND CO.

I wandered to the Old Elm Tree. Song. Words and music by Evan Gray.

THIS is a song which may be called melodious and pathetic; with the qualification that it contains nothing new.

WEEKES AND CO.

Bright the Night is, my Beloved. Serenade. Music by Wordsworth Davies.

THE composer has good intentions, but fails to rise much above commonplace.

A First Book on the Theory of Music (applied) to the Pianoforte. By Louisa Gibson.

THIS is the twelfth and "popular" edition, revised, of a little book that has already met with great favour from capable judges. It is really a "first" book, and contains nothing but elementary instruction. The instruction, however, is conveyed in terms singularly clear and condensed. We commend the work as admirable for use in schools and homes.

HERZAG AND CO.

(I.) *Scherzino*, for the Pianoforte. Composed by J. L. Gregory. (II.) *The Old House by the Lindens*. Song. Music by Allen Allen.

THE *Scherzino* is marked Opus 3, and is, therefore, the work of a young composer. It shows signs of promise, and warrants us in giving a word of encouragement to Mr. Gregory, who will do well always to write so clearly and naturally. In No. II. Mr. Allen has sought to invest the pianoforte accompaniment with greater musical interest and significance than it generally possesses. He is quite right so to do, but he must be careful to remember that a varied accompaniment should never be composed without reference to the question of its propriety. It may be very beautiful, but if the words do not suggest or, at any rate, allow it, then it is out of place and bad. The song before us, though interesting and attractive, invites the caution just given.

G. GEORGE AND CO.

I only Live for thee. Song. Music composed by E. G. Emmerton.

THE melodies of this song are avowedly adapted from those of a polka and waltz by Henry Stiles. Mr. Emmerton's method might be adopted extensively with advantage by the many song-composers who feel they must publish but cannot invent themes. The concoction is by no means a bad thing in its way.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

(I.) *March in D*, for the Pianoforte. By James Smart. (II.) *The Spanish Chant*. Arranged for the organ by James Smart. *Ye banks and braes*. Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By James Smart.

No. I. is bold in style, broad in character and quite easy. In No. II. the old melody is somewhat showily treated, and we question the propriety of writing music of such a sort for the grave and stately organ. No. III. makes a very useful exercise in arpeggio and octave playing.

CHESTER (Brighton).

(I.) *Slumber Song*. Words by Treck. Music by F. Corder. (II.) *Intermezzo Scherzoso*, for Pianoforte; from an orchestral suite composed by Arthur H. Jackson. (III.) *Three Romances*, for violin and piano. Composed by Ferdinand Praeger.

No. I. may truthfully be called graceful and elegant; the melody having distinct merit and the accompaniments showing thought as well as skill. This song, as the work of a musician, deserves more regard than most examples of its ephemeral kind receive. The intermezzo makes a merry pianoforte piece, and also a good exercise in fingering passages of thirds. It is artistic, moreover, and has our hearty commendation. The Romances will be welcomed in the many homes to which the violin has penetrated. They are by no means of an ordinary character.

Seven Songs in Two Books. Composed and dedicated to Signor Alberto Randegger. By John Gledhill.

MR. GLEDHILL never writes nonsense, and these songs are worthy of notice, simply on the strength of his name. No. 1, "From afar," is a setting of a translation from Uhland, and has for subject the message that all nature conveys from love to love. The music is pleasing and expressive, but not generally as meritorious as that of some other pieces in the set. No. 2, "The Imprisoned Songster," takes higher rank, and is an elegant expression of sentiment as well as an example of correct and flowing music. In No. 3, "An Autumn Song," the composer invests the pianoforte part with distinct musical interest, giving continuity and much prominence of expression to a bold phrase for the left hand. The song is otherwise praiseworthy. No. 4, a setting of Shelley's "Faded Flower," takes high rank in the group. The spirit of the words is in the graceful and tender music. Than this we know no higher commendation. No. 5, "Reverie," has a more passionate character, but there is not much difference in point of merit between this and its remaining fellows, "The Pain of Separation" and "Serenade." All are musically and pleasing to a degree which enables us to give them a general recommendation. In no case is the music, either for voice or accompaniment, beyond the average amateur's reach.

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J. HERBERT MARSHALL (Leicester).

Albino Valse. By Henri Stanislau.

NEITHER better nor worse than the average of its multitudinous kind.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Chanson d'Etoiles. Poetry by D'Armand Silvestre. Music by Arthur Hervey.

THERE are thought and purpose in this song, and the grandeur of the theme does not suffer from the simplicity of the music. The translation is not in every case happy. In proof, take the following line, and observe what English word comes on the important French word "sœurs":—

"Oh! mes sœurs heureuse la terre."

"Happy are earth's children only."

Down by the rustling Beeches. Words by C. Wilson Young. Music by Ricardo Mahllig.

THIS is an expressive song of some pretensions to musical merit. The subject is pathetic, and the composer has striven, with fair success, to make a pathetic strain. The compass suits a low tenor or baritone voice.

My Love is here again. Ballad. Words by Gertrude Harraden. Music by Ernest Ford.

OUR readers will think none the worse of this song because the words are by the clever young lady whose verses occasionally fill the "Poet's Corner" of THE LUTE. Mr. Ford's music is unpretending but pleasing, and a singer of real taste could easily make the song effective.

Nearly Caught. Pirate's Song. Words and Music by R. S. Hughes.

PIRATE's songs are very much alike, and this is not a bad specimen of a familiar type.

Three Shadows. Song. Words by D. G. Rosetti. Music by C. Swinnerton Heap.

THIS is a very superior composition, the work of a musician who knows what to say and how to say it. Dr. Heap appears to have made a careful study of Rosetti's words, and has set them with conspicuous judgment alike in matters great and small. Cultivated amateurs cannot fail to find here something agreeable to their taste.

Pensée Dansante. Composed and arranged for the Pianoforte by Percy Reeve.

AN easy piece adapted for educational purposes, because making a good but not too difficult study in phrasing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COSTA TESTIMONIAL.

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

MY DEAR SIR,—In your notice of the meeting of the Costa Testimonial Committee (in this month's LUTE), you have, in mentioning me, made a mistake in my Christian name, which should have been Francesco, NOT Emile, Berger. I beg of you, kindly to rectify this in your next number, and thereby much oblige,

Yours very faithfully,

FRANCESCO BERGER.

Killbarn, Stirlingshire, Scotland,
August 17, 1883.

POEMS FROM MUSIC.

II.

SCHUMANN's *Winter Time*, No. 1.

ON the drenched woods the winter lies,
A mist of tears; with answering sighs
The woods and the wind sympathise.

The sky above is dull as lead,
The sunshine out of it has fled,
There is no sun—the sun is dead.

Over the low lands look, that lie
Level beneath the level sky,
Are they not mournful utterly?

Dust-gray the rough fields stretch, and frown
With wrinkled ridges at the town,
Gray-white and stolid, looking down.

But enter, leave the cold behind,
And moody moanings of the wind—
Light, heat and joyousness we find.

The fire flames forth: what tho' there lie
Level beneath a level sky
Gray lowlands mournful utterly?

ARTHUR W. SYMONS.

WE read that Canon Franz Liszt is composing an oratorio, *St. Stanislas*. More than ever let us act upon Longfellow's injunction, "Go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart."

ITALIAN opera may be going down in England, but it seems to be going up elsewhere. As our readers know, a house will soon be ready for it in Paris, and we learn that Signor Bimbino will, to-morrow, open a month's campaign in Berlin. It will be curious to note how *Semiramide* and *Othello* are received in the German capital at this time of day.

SOME excellent madrigals have recently been added to the programme of the Leeds Festival. They include Linley's "Let me carelessly," Converso's "When all alone my bonny love," and Wilbye's "Oriana." It is a capital notion to give such things as these to Mr. Broughton's magnificent choir. They are far too much neglected in favour of twaddle.

DR. HORACE HILL, of Norwich, is about publishing an oratorio on the subject of Nehemiah, and mainly dealing with the restoration of the walls of Jerusalem. The work has been written with a view to the requirements of musical societies, and, while it provides sufficient difficulty and variety of music, will be found within the scope of competent amateurs. Dr. Hill is an accomplished musician, and we look for the new *Nehemiah* with interest.

WE extract the following from Messrs. Harrison's circular anent their Birmingham Concerts:—"Messrs. Harrison have been exceptionally fortunate in having been able to secure the services of the unrivalled Queen of Song, Mdme. Adelina Patti, who has most kindly consented to sing for them both at Birmingham and Manchester. . . . Messrs. Harrison have . . . made arrangements for the appearance of the distinguished Prima Donna, Mdme. Albani, whose high artistic reputation will assuredly not have suffered from the recent and rather singular publication of negotiations—usually held to be private—in certain other towns."

THE POET'S CORNER.

A SONG OF LOVE.

WHEN love, with its transforming hand
First touched the scenes I knew so well,
There came a rose-light o'er the land,
But whence it came I could not tell.
The hills and valleys, sun and shade,
The earth below, the sky above,
The beauties of the world were made
To frame the beauty of my love.

O come, and they shall hail thee queen,
The hills shall bow their haughty crest;
The rushing torrent flow serene,
To bear thy face upon its breast.
The birds shall warble for thy sake,
The trees bend low in homage meet,
The willing leaves shall fall, and make
A dainty carpet for thy feet.

H. J. BENNETT.

THE STREAM.

D RIP, drip, drip, from a lichenous rock
The sparkling water falls;
Tap, tap, tap, on a smooth worn block,
That fell from the old cliff's walls.

Creep, creep, creep, from the foot of the cliff
Through bramble, break, and fern;
There's a murmur of will in the tiny rill,
As it runs to the village burn.

Splash, splash, splash, with a merry dash,
Swift past the foot of the hill;
With a gurgle and roar it ne'er had before,
It whirls round the wheel of the mill.

Swirling on with a motion so brisk,
It sweeps past the old church side;
Through the court-house lands, with many a frisk,
Rushing thence to the meadows wide.

Soft, sweetly soft, through the grassy mead
It murmuring ripples by,
Laving the stem of the trembling reed,
Pure as the deep blue sky.

Haste, haste, haste, with a steadier pace,
Neath tower and wall it goes,
Past castle keep, and bastion steep,
Through the hamlet, swift it flows.

Far, far away, by night and day,
Thro' plain, fell, and field, it glides;
Sipped, here and there, by the meek lowing kine,
That dreamily browse on its sides.

Surge, surge, down, through the mighty town,
Swelling with noble pride;
Bearing with ease to far away seas,
Great vessels that wait on its tide.

Like to a life, swift runneth its course,
Till lost in the bounding sea;
O'er the blue line, mingling soft with the brine,
The streamlet, that ran through the lea.

ARTHUR STANLEY.

MR. VILLIERS STANFORD will compose a Cantata for the next Festival at Birmingham.

ON October 1 we shall hail the appearance of a new contemporary, *Pitman's Musical Monthly*.

THE Birmingham Festival Committee have decided on asking Dvorák to write a work for the Festival of 1885.

MR. EBENEZER PROUT is writing an orchestral work for the Birmingham Festival of 1885. This is good news.

MR. A. C. MACKENZIE has completed his sketch of the first part of the oratorio destined for next year's Festival at Norwich.

MR. CARRODUS has made an investment of £680 in the Stradevarius said to have been Paganini's. May he live long to take out the interest in public applause.

It is said that the Royal Orchestra of the Sandwich Islands is about to visit us, headed by a German. We are ready in return, to send his Sandwichian Majesty any number of Germans.

THE Wagnerians are making desperate efforts to "keep the game alive" now that their great chief has departed. Their cause is none the less hopeless. The great mass of musical amateurs care nothing for it.

THE programme of the Bach Choir for next season has been announced. We are much more curious to know whether the Choir will show an improvement upon their late "form." There is plenty of room for it.

WE do our musical readers a service by asking them to follow with attention Mr. E. H. Turpin's articles on various technical points, now appearing in the *Musical Standard*. They are both instructive and suggestive.

AT Gloucester Festival, when Stanford's *Elegiac Symphony* preceded Gounod's *Redemption*:—Steward A. to Steward B. (instructingly): "This is a representation of Chaos!" Steward B. (reverentially): "Oh, indeed!"

IN Florence, they have offered a prize for the best setting of an Antiphon, stipulating that the last chorus shall be a fugue in five parts. Surely the requirement is out of date. We have outlived the age of fugues—and the capacity for writing them.

NATIVE musicians seem to be the delight of high society at last. Thus Mr. Brinley Richards's name appears in the list of guests entertained by Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, and Mr. Lazarus lodged, during the Gloucester Festival week, at the Bishop's Palace.

A PROPHET has been obtaining honour in his own country. An "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" were performed at St. John's Catholic Church, Norwich, last month, under the direction of the composer, Mr. A. H. Thouless. The works are highly spoken of.

AN American paper tells us that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will not yet retire from public life. She has discovered a certain Signor Striglia, who has "developed some wonderful results in the treatment of her voice." This ought to mean that he has made the organ young again.

DURING the last season at the Berlin Opera-house Wagner had thirty-two evenings, and Mozart twenty-one. Strange that the "infantile" composer should be next favourite after the "master." It may, however, be accounted for by the childish element in the Teutonic character.

